THE FLAG OF THE HELLENES.

(BLUE AND WHITE.)

B. Martinengo Cesaresco in The Spectator.

Fly, O our Flag, across the foam,
White angel 'twixt blue depth and height;
From heart to heart, from home to home,
From Greece to where her children fight.

Tell thou our brothers not more fast
Stand their eternal rocks than they;
The future presses back the past
And night is hastening to the day.

Take thou our love to those dear hills
Where soul of man ne'er yet was cowed;
Where a Greek hand a Greek land tills,
Where chains are worn but heads unbowed.

Where still the selfsame fight is fought
That once our fathers fought and won
When they the whole world's freedom bought
Upon thy sands, O Marathon!

Our fathers—e'en the same that gave
The equal clasp of hand and hand;
Who scorned the earthward bending slave,
And bade the man in manhood stand.

Fly, O our Flag, since thou canst fly
As man's unconquered spirit, free!
Each sea-bird thou, against the sky,
And thou each sail upon the sea.

TWO WOMEN, A BOY AND SOME HORSES.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

V.

AMABEL AS A REFORMER.

It was thus that we entered Monument, dripping, a stream running from each horse. And then it stopped raining, and the sky was blue, and the sun shone, and people came to their open doors and looked at us; and they smiled. A person who has not been out in a shower, and is perfectly dry, can afford to smile at the spectacle we presented.

Albert was now walking by his wheel, which was, so to speak, feathered all over with wet dust.

Amabel remarked that she had never known before what it was to be clammy. But she made an effort to be cheerful, and even went so far as to say that she was not sorry she came. "In fact," with increasing bravado, "I'm glad." Albert glanced scornfully at her, as he said that so was a hen. Then he glanced at a man in his shirt-sleeves, who was smoking in an open doorway, and asked if this was Monument. The man regarded us with immense satisfaction. He sauntered out into the yard and took his pipe from his mouth, grinned, and inquired if we had been far.

"Middleboro," said Amabel hurriedly, fearing, as she afterward told me, that her brother would make his reference to the hen.

"Got caught, didn't ye?" asked the man.

"Caught?"

"Yes, in the shower."

"Yes, we did get caught. Is this Monument?"

"It's Monument Beach," with a great emphasis on the word Beach. "Mebby you own one of them cottages down there?"

"No, we don't."

Amabel's teeth began to chatter. Mine had begun a few moments earlier.

"What town is this, anyway?" inquired Albert.

"It's Bourne."

"Isn't there any Monument?"

"This is Monument. Mebby you're after Pocasset, or Cataumet, or Wenaumet, or some of them."

"No, no!" despairingly from Amabel, "we were after Monument, but we don't care now, all we want is to get to a hotel."

"Oh, you want a hotel? Mebby you've got cranberry bogs down here?"

"No. Where is the hotel?"

"Wall, the hotels round here mostly are shet."

"What, shut up?" more despairingly.

"Ain't been opened yet, much. You see it's rather early—though they be open, some. Ain't no rush yet. They open earlier 'n they used to."

Amabel disengaged a wet, sticky foot from the wet, sticky slipper of her stirrup; then she dismounted. I did the same.

"We will walk, and lead our horses," she said. "Albert, you find out where there's a hotel that is open just enough for us to get into it. We don't want it open any more than that. And it seems to me we ought never to have come down here to Bourne, or Wenaumet, or Cataumet, or any of these places. We ought to have gone on to Sandwich."

Here Amabel looked at me as if I were responsible for this mistake in our route. She walked on, leading her horse, and I walked on leading mine. It was a great relief to walk, and we went faster and faster, while Albert remained behind to wring some information from that man, if it were possible.

The sun was now shining hotly. We began to steam in its rays. We had eschewed skirts long enough to interfere with walking, so that we got on very well, splashing through the puddles recklessly.

A soft southwest wind came from Buzzard's Bay, bringing the delightful salt odor. How the whole world glittered! How the birds sang! All at once the road curved, and we saw the bay shining before us, heaving with the pulse of the ocean. We stopped to look.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Amabel," I began timidly, "that perhaps, just possibly, you know, we might better have come down here in the steamcars, or by boat?"

"Never!" said Amabel promptly.

"I know it is romantic to ride through the country on horseback," I went on, "and if only one were waterproof"——

"Pshaw!" she interrupted. "If one were never soaked one would never know the joy of being dried by a sun like this."

And I said no more. I had often seen wet clothes spread on a horse before a kitchen fire, and noted the steam arising from them, but I had never before known how clothes felt under such circumstances.

"I wish," said I, by way of beguiling time until Albert should rejoin us, "I wish I could make some poetry. If I could find a rhyme to humid, I might get on finely."

"There's tumid," suggested Amabel.

But I knew that would never do; and all at once I was seized with a doubt as to whether there was such a word as tumid. Were you ever afflicted in that way? Did you ever have some word suddenly seem utterly preposterous, and as if it had never existed—some everyday little collection of a few individuals of the alphabet—and you say it over and over to yourself until you begin to fear there is something the matter with the brain. Don't fear, however, there is nothing wrong; you are simply suffering in common with the other great minds of the world.

Did not even Dr. Johnson, sir, retrace his step to touch with his cane a post that he had missed touching? That small deed of the great man was always of much comfort to me, because sometimes I, with my inferior equipment, have gone back so that I might put my right foot first in mounting a flight of stairs, and there's a wooden button on the cellar door in the old house at home that I was often impelled to place my finger on as I went by it—impelled by a nebulous kind of conviction that things in general would go better if I did so. I wonder what kind of tracks are made in the brain gray matter by the forming of such habits.

All this, however, has nothing to do with the melancholy fact that we two drenched women were leading our horses along the wet road of this hamlet on the shore of Buzzard's Bay.

But we were fast becoming less wet. Our horses were already dry; their bridles were changing from an unsatisfactory pulpy substance to an equally unsatisfactory stiff substance.

The Thane was greatly interested in the view of the bay. He reared his head and dilated his nostrils; for a moment he presented the appearance of a charger, and I was proud of him. We saw, toward the water, some of the gayly painted cottages belonging to the summer people. There were figures on a few of the piazzas. Such people look as if they must be perfectly happy, and it is something to give that impression. The country about us was not level; there were slightly rolling hills in it, charming hills which now sparkled gayly.

But where was Albert? And what were we going to do? It would be a good thing to mount now, if we had given up our hope for a hotel. We remembered the compact of the Watering Trough, and it was my turn to hold Amabel's steed for her to mount if we could find a fence. We had made Albert useful in this way since he had joined us; but it is astonishing how a boy is never at hand when he might be useful. There was a fence handy. I would advise women who are contemplating a horseback trip to choose for their journey a country abounding in fences; that is, if they are not heroines and consequently cannot mount in a heroine-like way from the ground, or if they have not men accompanying them. It is of vital importance—to have fences.

We were not more than half a mile from the settlement of Monument when a cheery bell tinkled behind us and Albert came rolling up.

"How'd you get on?" he asked.

"No matter. Where's the hotel?"

"I guess," said Albert, with much astuteness of manner, "that we'd better jog right along to Sandwich, where we ought to have gone instead of shying off down here."

And here the boy glanced at me as Amabel had done, as if I were to blame for our coming to Bourne.

"Let us jog, then," responded Amabel.

And we went on. The sun had gone under a floating cloud, but there was sunlight ahead, covering the "gentle dimplement" of the pastures, and bringing out odors of sweetbrier and clover.

Presently Albert began to chuckle. On being looked at interrogatively, he explained that he was laughing because that man back there had asked him if "them women owned them horses; and how much had they paid for 'em."

"I told him," went on Albert, "that you owned 'em, fast enough."

"What did he say then?" inquired Amabel.

"He didn't say a word; he laughed so he couldn't."

And then the boy continued his own laughter in such a way that it was difficult for his companions to wear the semblance of amiability.

After a time Albert informed us that the man had wished to know if we were circus riders. "He wanted to find out," said Albert, "if you had ever jumped through hoops."

"He's a fool!" cried Amabel.

"Oh, no, he ain't, not by a long chalk," was the response; "he's one of the brightest men I ever saw."

Then we felt to wish that Albert Waldo had never joined us in our trip to the Cape.

Sandwich was about ten miles away, and the road was rather heavy. We never knew whether it was because the road was too sandy or not sandy enough, or for some other reason, that when we had travelled about three miles from Monument Beach, in a secluded spot, Amabel's horse again showed unmistakable symptoms of an intention to lie down. The first time he had done this he had had Aunt Maly's kitten fastened to him, but now we were bewildered. He had stopped suddenly and begun to paw. On this occasion Amabel did not dismount so skilfully; the skirt of her gown caught on the horn—there was the sound of rending.

I must confess that Albert behaved very well now. He jumped off his wheel and caught the bridle. Sometimes Albert is a good boy. He was now calm and effective. He snatched the rest of the skirt from the horn; he said a short word of a good deal of emphasis, but who could blame him? He held the horse while Amabel looked down at her skirt and shook it.

Rather unexpectedly her first remark was—

"Now I am convinced."

"That you'd no business to go to an auction and buy a horse?" responded Albert quickly.

"No, indeed!" rather sharply. "Nothing of the sort. My horse is a fine animal. I got him dirt cheap. He is worth three times as much as I paid for him."

Then Albert said, "So's a hen," and the conversation languished. We all moved on slowly, Amabel holding up the cloth that had been rent from its fastening to the waist; Albert having one hand on the bridle and the other propelling his wheel; I sitting in my saddle trying to control my thoughts. I had a lurking fear of what my friend had in mind. At last I asked her what she had meant by saying that she was convinced.

"I should think you'd know," she answered. "It is absurd to try to ride a sidesaddle; it is wicked. I'm going to make a change."

"What!" I cried, and Albert giggled.

I had known for a long time that my friend had ideas about things, but it is a very different matter to have ideas and to act upon them. People don't care much how many ideas you may cherish, provided you behave just as if you were not cherishing them.

"Yes," went on Amabel, "I'm going to have a cross-tree saddle. You may not care if I do endanger my life every hour of the day, but my life is precious to me."

"I wonder," burst out Albert, "if you think having a cross-tree will stop this horse from wanting to roll when he does happen to want to—just tell me that!"

"Albert," said his sister, "do you remember saying that a sidesaddle was enough to ruin a horse's back? Tell me that."

"Yes," hesitatingly, "but I guess your horse's back can stand"——

"Albert, you needn't go on. What do you think I contribute to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for? What"——

"Pooh!" broke in the boy, "you needn't try to cram that stuff down my neck; it's your own hide you're afraid of."

"Afraid for," I corrected in my most amiable manner. "You don't believe that your sister is afraid of her own hide?"

"Bosh!" said Albert. "I know I ain't going around the country with a woman on a man's saddle."

"Nobody asked you, sir," responded Amabel, and then she appeared to fall into a brown study which was not broken by my pinning the rent skirt into position as well as I could, and even after she was mounted again she was silent.

I watched her anxiously, for when my friend keeps silence in that way I know that she is thinking of something. Looking at her thus, furtively and often, I suddenly discovered that the button her father had fastened upon her jacket was gone, the white button with her name and address. I questioned her concerning this. She clapped her hand up to her lapel.

"It's lost," she exclaimed.

"No matter," said Albert, "I can identify you."

But Amabel did not smile. She announced that that little stretch of road with the birches where her horse had thought of lying down should be called The Place of the Lost Button, and that it should be known henceforth by that name. This seemed, in a manner, Biblical, and as if we might presently meet a group of Arabs and ask them where was the nearest well of water. I began to fancy that Amabel might have begun to play make believe as she had occasionally threatened to do. Anything, I thought, to get her mind from that crosstree saddle.

We all pricked forward toward Sandwich. We easily enough found a hotel there that was not shut. We ate a great deal of supper and then hastened to our room, while Albert announced his intention of viewing the town. He said he meant to stay long enough the next day to see them blow a bird of paradise in different colored glass; he spoke as if the glass works in Sandwich were entirely given over to the manufacture of birds of paradise; as, perhaps, they are, for I do not absolutely know to the contrary. I am not going to make statements for which I cannot vouch. My first aim in these chronicles is strict veracity.

It was nearly sunset when our supper was eaten. I thought that Amabel would be tired and stay in our room, but she took her hat and stood hesitatingly an instant with it in her hand. I was stretched out in a rocker; it was a time when, if I had been a man, or what is almost as good, a new woman, I should have been smoking.

"Are you going out?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes," she answered. She walked about in the room. She paused by my chair; she leaned over and kissed me.

"What," I cried, "aren't you ever coming back?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, in a very little while; but I—do you care the least in the world if I don't ask you to go with me?"

"Not the least," promptly.

Amabel looked relieved. She hastened from the room. When she was half-way down the stairs I went to the door and called to her.

"You know, Amabel," I said, "when you are alone you are liable to get into some kind of mischief. Are you going to see the birds of paradise?"

"Oh, no."

She went on. I returned to my rocker and I made an attempt to read the Bible, for I found a Bible placed in the exact centre of an oval table that stood in the corner of the room. Over this table was a picture of Abraham offering up Isaac as a sacrifice. Isaac had on a pink frock, cut low neck and short sleeves, and Abraham wore a purple gown, en train. In the middle distance was a vivid green bush, from which protruded the horns of the otherwise unseen goat. Amabel had spoken of asking the authorities of the hotel to take down that picture during our brief stay, on the ground that she sometimes had dyspepsia, and had been ordered not to do anything likely to bring on an attack. This was our only picture, and I was now left alone with it. But I never had dyspepsia.

I could not read much in the Bible, because I was worrying about Amabel. Why had she gone out alone?

When it had become dusk a servant brought me a kerosene hand lamp and seven matches. This made it seem late, for a June day is very long. I did not light the lamp. I sat at the open window, which commanded a view of the main street. I leaned my arms on the sill and watched for Amabel. The place was very quiet. People sauntered by now and then. A strident voice sometimes rose through the sweet air.

"Jim din't git no ketch at all last time; it does seem's if the cod jest knew 'twas Jim, 'n' wouldn't bite."

"I s'pose he got drunk."

"No; he's sworn off."

Then a laugh, and the two men had turned into another street.

"He's had to lay out no end of money on his bog, ye know. I d'know when he'll be done cartin' sand onto it."

"One thing, there's sand 'nough round here for all the cranberry bogs in the world—'n' glass, too."

"That's so. I don't s'pose the Lord ever made any place 'thout nothin' in it."

"I guess not. D' you see the folks that come here t' the hotel to-night?

One of the men was leaning against a hitchpost beneath my window. The other was leaning against nothing; he had his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and was slouching forward. The light hanging in front of the building shone on them. If I had seen them on the Island of Sicily I should have known they were Yankees.

"No. Who be they?"

"Oh, I d'know. Two women; 'n' a boy; 'n' a wheel; 'n' two horses. Women on the horses. I call home the place for women; if home ain't the place for women I sh'd jest like to know where the place is. I hate to see women out of their place. If you've got a place I say you had oughter be in it, else what in thunder's the use of havin' a place, I say? I tell my wife I"——

"Sh! I guess here's one of um now."

The talking had been so near me, and so distinct, that I had heard every word. It now ceased suddenly. The men immediately looked as if they could not speak, but could only gaze.

It was Amabel who came tripping innocently along. I say innocently; but what did she have in her arms? It was rather a large package, and as she reached the lamp I saw that it must be a drygoods package.

I turned and quickly lighted the lamp. I had time to place the lamp on the oval table under the picture of Abraham and Isaac, and to seat myself with the Bible in my hand before the door opened.

Amabel entered and put her package on the bed. As she took off her hat I asked if she had had a pleasant walk. I spoke just as amiably as if I had been invited to go with her, and, indeed, I felt amiable, for there is something about Amabel that makes it difficult to be really vexed with her.

"Yes," she answered, and then, without any provocation, she added emphatically:

"I never did approve of side saddles; not even when I was a little girl and learned to ride."

Now I was alarmed. Amabel has a way of looking rapt when she is under the influence of a resolve. She looked rapt now.

"Is the town interesting?" I inquired.

"Yes—no—I'm sure I can't tell. Side saddles don't distribute the weight of the rider properly. They"——

"Oh, Amabel, don't let's talk about side saddles; we've got them, and you know the pains we took to make those pads to put under them, and they don't make the least little bit of a galled place any more; not even a swelling. You remember we've always thought that those pads just—that they just—oh, well, filled the bill."

I spoke hurriedly and couldn't choose classic phrases.

Amabel was unfastening the string that confined the brown paper.

"But the weight, you know, can't be distributed properly, and it isn't safe. Theoretically I have never approved of this fashion of riding a horse. It is—it is inhuman, and there's no reason in it."

By this time Amabel had removed the paper. She seemed to have some gray broadcloth.

"They didn't have much of a variety to choose from," she remarked, "but shouldn't you think this would do very well?"

I said I didn't know.

"I wish you would manifest some interest," she responded. She looked wistfully at me.

"Interest in what?" I asked hardly.

"Why, in Turkish leglets," she answered.

I had come to the bed and was fingering the cloth. I wonder if it would be too melodramatic to say that despair seized my heart.

"Oh, Amabel!" I cried.

"Yes," she went on, absorbedly, "or trouserettes, I don't exactly know which; but it makes no difference, not the least difference. There's a place in New-York where you can buy 'em ready made; I have the address, but as it's at home in my desk it won't do me any good now. Besides, I'm sure I can make 'em. There are scissors in your bag, aren't there? I'll cut the cloth tonight, and I thought I could finish the whole tomorrow. I thought" (here my friend turned toward me) "I thought I wouldn't go on to-morrow; I'd just stay here and sew, and you and Albert could go right along to—to Barnstable, perhaps, and I'd join you. I don't want to interfere in any way, you know. And the man at the store where I bought this knew of such a good man's saddle—or such a man's good saddle, or—but you know what I mean. And he took me to see it—'twas in a barn close by—and it's only been used one summer, because the owner has"——

"Gone to Europe," I interrupted.

"No, has swapped his horse for a bicycle, and will sell the saddle cheap. It's a great chance, and I snapped it up directly. They're going to bring it here this evening. What makes you look like that?"

"How am I looking?"

"Why, just as if you'd sank through the floor."

"It's so unexpected," I said.

"What is?"

"The trouserettes."

"Don't you remember that time when we were looking at the illustrations of women riding horseback in the only correct way—in that magazine, you know—and how nice they were—they really weren't shocking at all, and you said that they were quite pretty. You said that."

"Did I?"

"You certainly did. And I never dreamed that you'd have such an expression on your face just because I—oh, here are the scissors and thimble, and I've bought linings and sewing silk—just because I'm going to reform. Do you care so very much? Haven't you any moral courage?"

But I could not reply directly. I had now gone back to my rocker. At last I spoke. I asked Amabel if she had considered the feelings of the inhabitants of the Cape. She needn't mind me; but had she thought of the people dwelling peacefully all along this peninsula?

Amabel was now measuring her gray cloth by holding a portion of it to her nose, and then out the length of one arm.

"I haven't given a thought to them," she answered, "and I shan't."

She sat down on the bed and meditated, gazing at the cloth that now lay in a heap before her. I knew she was thinking how to cut it. She was very capable in regard to cutting out things.

"You know," she said, after a while, "there was a row of women on horseback in that magazine. Each suit was a little different from the others. My old waist and jacket will do well enough. It's full leglets and a divided skirt that I want. It's just as simple as it can be. I can see the whole thing in my mind's eye. And I'll try on to you, dear, and so I shall be sure to go right."

Snip went the scissors. This was very hard to bear. And Amabel was always so particularly amiable when she was particularly having her own way.

I wondered where Albert was. I presently went down the stairs. At the open outer door I met Albert. He was rushing in with a good deal of emphasis in his action. When he saw me he exclaimed:

"Oh, I say! What's all this? They've just brought a man's saddle out to the stable, and the fellow says a woman's bought it—a woman with a gray cap on, and—and"—here the boy hesitated, and then continued—"and a remarkably agreeable smile. Now, you know that's Amabel—she has got a good smile. But, by George!—has she been out here in Sandwich buying a man's saddle?"

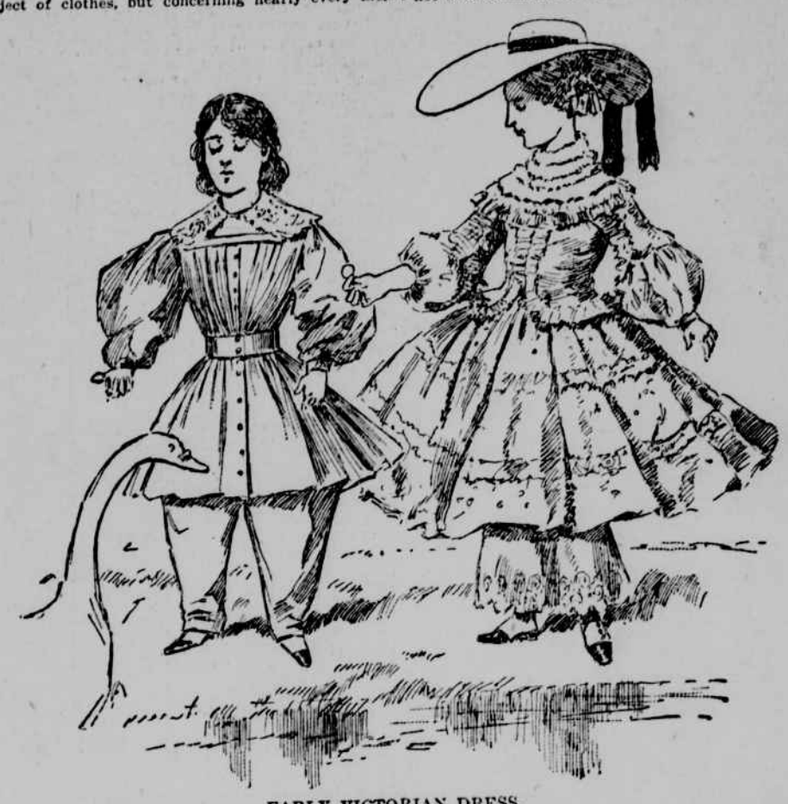
To be continued.

QUEER CLOTHES.

THE UGLY COSTUMES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHAT CHILDREN WORE SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO—THE PANTALETTE AGONY AND THE REIGN OF RED SHOES.

"Do I remember how we used to dress when I was a child? Indeed, I do, my dear; I can see every one of those queer little frocks—you would certainly think them so now, at any rate—as plainly as if I had them before my eyes." The speaker was a white-haired, sweet-faced old lady of eighty, whose remarkably faithful memory, not only on the subject of clothes, but concerning nearly every incident of her rather eventful life, is a constant source of marvel to her friends.



EARLY VICTORIAN DRESS.

"The first dress of which I have a distinct impression was made for me when I was four years old. That was in the year 1821; so you are hearing now of the styles of seventy-five years ago. It is a long period to look back upon, but the time doesn't seem so far away to me. Well, the frock was given to me by my godmother—for my name, you know. It was made of rattinet—I don't suppose you ever heard the word before—but it was the name of a kind of thin woollen goods very fashionable at the time. The color was scarlet, and as I had never had anything so gay before, you may be sure I was proud of it. There was a little red cloak to match, and a red bonnet, trimmed with swansdown.

"The next dresses I remember were two Sunday frocks, made exactly alike, which my sister and I wore, perhaps a year or two later than the time of the red rattinet. You will laugh when I tell you that these dresses, which were considered especially beautiful and elaborate, were made of—calico. It was French calico, though; much finer and prettier than anything of the kind to be bought nowadays, and it cost from 50 to 75 cents a yard. All materials were dear then, and you saw very few silk dresses, particularly for children, except among the wealthy families. You could have a silk gown now for what French calicoes used to cost. I can even remember the exact pattern of the calico in those two frocks. There was a white ground, divided into squares, with a vine and leaf design in purple, running all over it. We thought it was wonderfully handsome, and I believe it would be considered very dainty even to-day, among the variety of pretty, thin goods which are shown. All children wore low-necked and short-sleeved dresses in those days, and, indeed, for many years afterward. It would have been considered ridiculously inappropriate to put anything different on them, even in winter. So our little frocks were of course made according to the fashion, leaving our necks and shoulders bare, and looking, I must confess, as I examine the old daguerreotypes, as if they were in constant danger of slipping off over our arms. The sleeves were tiny, circular puffs, not more than three or four inches deep, so that we had almost nothing on our arms either. The little waists were very short, much resembling the Empire styles seen now, and were usually made with considerable fulness. The skirts, always sewed fast to the waists, were straight, and reached to about halfway between the knee and the ankle. Really short dresses, as children wear them now, were never seen. Below our skirts, and hanging down to our very feet, were our pantalettes—plain yellow nankeen ones for every day, and fine white embroidered ones for Sundays. With these particular frocks I am speaking of we always wore our best pantalettes.

"Our shoes were made of soft, green morocco leather. And that reminds me of the aggrieved feeling we children always cherished because we were obliged to wear that color. The two fashionable shades for shoes were tea-green and bright red. My mother, whose taste in her own dress was subdued, clothed her children accordingly, and would never allow us to have the scarlet shoes. So my sister and I were obliged to wear the green, and to gaze with hopeless envy at the gayer footgear of most of our playmates.

"There were different styles of hats, but, if I remember rightly, those that went with our purple-and-white French calicoes were bonnets of green silk. They were shirred very full and cut so that the edge around the face was bias. This was then fringed out to some depth as a border, and the bonnet was trimmed with lace and a ribbon bow at the back. I think that is a complete account of the way we looked, or—have I forgotten anything? Oh, yes; our gloves. They were of straw-colored silk, and pretty short, scarcely reaching above our wrists.

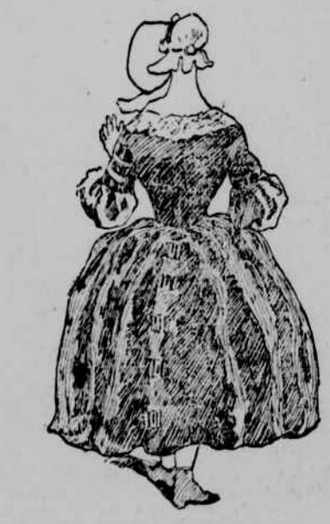
"The time I am telling you of was long before the days of hoopskirts, you know. We children wore a remarkable number of stiff, quilted petticoats, though, to make our dresses 'set out' in the proper way. I can't remember that we were ever really uncomfortable on account of our odd clothes, though I'm afraid children would complain nowadays at the heavy skirts and the dangling pantalettes. These pantalettes were sometimes a nuisance even to us, accustomed as we were to them, when we wanted to play some active game. I recall one of our playmates who was regarded by the rest of us as a marvel of daring because she had been known on different occasions, to untie her pantalettes deliberately from her stockings, to which they were fastened, and bundle them into some convenient corner until she had finished her play and was ready to go home.

MODERN COMFORT AND TASTE.

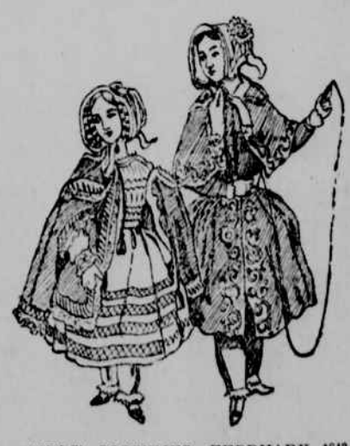
"The boys' clothes at that time were almost as

BOY'S COSTUME IN VOGUE JUNE, 1841.

funny, when compared with modern styles, as were those of the girls. No knickerbockers in the days when my brothers were little fellows! Boys wore long, loose trousers, similar to those of their fathers, and usually made at home from an old pair which the head of the family had discarded. Their queer little jackets were sometimes belted in at the waist, with the skirt hanging a few inches below in blouse style, and sometimes they wore open coats, very short and elaborately braided, in military fashion. They wore various kinds of caps,



GIRL'S COSTUME, JANUARY, 1841.



GIRLS' COSTUMES, FEBRUARY, 1843.

and I remember a flat-shaped one, with a long tassel hanging down behind, which was regarded as very stylish.

"Fashions did not change so often then, my dear, as they do now. When you had a dress you could wear it for years, just the same—unless you wore it out. Fine clothes could even be handed down from one generation to another. Years later than the time I have been talking about, when I had a small family of my own, the styles in children's frocks were not greatly altered. The materials had changed more than anything else, showing much more variety, and the woollen goods in particular being finer in quality."

AMERICAN GIRLS.

AND THEIR EUROPEAN SISTERS.

From The Egyptian Gazette.

You will find, I expect, that you have dropped fire on inflammable material in publishing those paragraphs from The New-York Tribune in which the author so extravagantly lauds the American woman, and in which he descants with much eagerness and, I think, little truth on the contrasting disabilities of her European sister.

I hope you will receive and publish letters from representatives of all the nations so impeached, for the accusation is grave to the extent that we on the Eastern Hemisphere stand to answer against a charge which is, in substance, that we lack charm!

Fortunately for our peace of mind, we Europeans are not so sensitive to American criticism as Americans are to ours. Sidney Smith made note of this fact many years ago apropos of European reviews on American literature, and it still remains true, but in ever direction, not only in that of literature, that the slightest innuendo of disapproval from Europe is always enough to send Americans into mental hysterics. Here, surely, is one point of superiority in the air of the Eastern Hemisphere—we are indifferent; we don't trouble ourselves for the sake of getting good opinions, as the fair Far Westerners do; there is that in our attitude which Dr. Johnson (but he was a brute!) expressed to Mrs. Hannah More when he asked her "to consider how much her compliments were worth to him before she choked him with them!" We do what we like, then, not caring so much for admiration as American girls do, and there is an absence of self-consciousness, a real independence, about the European. Her actions, her demeanor, say, "I am what I am because it pleases me to be this or that."

Americans, on the contrary, while affecting independence, in fact follow (reading ravenously our reviews and magazines) what they suppose to be the fashion in Europe from moment to moment. They annex an idea that is particular, special, individual, in the old country, and make it in the new and, for a time, general, universal, the color of the crowd; and so they are nothing if not now up in politics, now critical of literature, now dilettanti in art; now, still following how what they imagine is the fashion in Europe, they are occult; now all 'Dodos,' now 'Trilby'-mad—and all the time there are four reasons which should make Americans superior to their European sisters, and they may be catalogued thus:

First—The particular lightness of atmosphere and brightness of climate, which contribute so much to the making of elastic, buoyant natures.

Second—The great mixture of race in the United States, a fact which tends (does it not?) to produce richness of result.

Third—The system of education, which to a wide extent obtains, of teaching boys and girls side by side in the same schools.

Fourth—The position on a pedestal universally granted to American women by their men, who are continually assuring them in word and act that they, being queens, can do no wrong, and which pleasant position on the pedestal conduces to an absence of shyness in them, and a very positive confidence in their power to charm. In the matter of higher education, America and England have their women's colleges, to which gravitate, by natural inclination, all the intellectually more fit; but it is not these women (who are as yet a small minority) that we are considering, but those who, whether in America or England, in France, Germany or Russia, are floated out on the world at about the age of sixteen, to pick up what satisfaction, what happiness, they may in society.

At school (that reflex in small of the world itself) the American girl is put through her preliminary paces; she learns to make her way among her fellows, and in their company finds how the coercion of the bridle may sometimes be successfully neutralized by getting the bit between the teeth!

The English girl of the same class is shut up in the schoolroom with younger sisters, and a more or less dull woman, her governess, who is, except for masters (when the family is in town in the season), her mind's only stimulator, and I believe the disadvantages of the governess system enjoyed (?) by English girls are shared by French, Italian, Spanish and Russian girls, save in the matter of sport, where the English girl scores a plus, she being here not undeveloped.

Soon after her sixteenth birthday the English girl bequeaths her scanty wardrobe of short shabby frocks to her next younger sister, and accompanies a court gown, six yards long, and a trousseau en suite and mamma to London for the season. Here she becomes better acquainted with her mother, and experiences all that mother's moods of displeasure as she (poor duckling) takes all the experimental rough-and-tumble experiences in society which the American has already surmounted at school. The English girl eventually lives down her first gaucheries, and, to some extent, overcomes her very real shyness, and more, evolves, in her early contact with her fellows, in an incredibly short space of time, an amount of individuality and a happy readiness of speech, which are only other instances of the natural cleverness of her sex (unaided as it has been in these circumstances of upringing and education). I wish any of your readers who share The New-York Tribune's opinions would make the acquaintance (if he hasn't instances in real life near to him) of the Miss Mary Crookenden of Lucas Malet's "Wages of Sin." She is the most perfect embodiment I know of the typical English girl—fresh, honest, earnest, happy and moody by turns; sincere always.

It may sound like a prejudice (but it is a conviction brought by observation of and contact with many peoples) here to say that the English girl has more sincerity (heart) than the girls of other nations—at the same time I confess that her superiority in this point only catalogues a grave disability where one tries to bring her into line with the vivacious and frothy American, with the gay and sparkling French girl, with the variable and fiery Russian, with the proud and mysterious Spaniard, etc., who, par excellence, are not preeminently sincere.

I admit, then, that Americans—but I must include with them French, Italian, Spaniards and Russians—are more charming than the English, but surely the interesting woman is English.

In what country do you find such strong political partisans among women as in England? Where would a man be at his election without his wife's or daughter's clever tongue in the burning business of canvassing, and when such man is safely landed in the House, what a one-horsed power he would be without that wife or daughter as critic of his forming opinions. You remember the late Earl Beaconsfield's tribute to his wife in that dedication of "Sybil." She is "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Where, then, is the dull woman to be found? Not in America (I agree so far with The New-York Tribune), but also not in France, not in Germany, not in Italy, Spain or Russia, and not in England; in fact, in society existence for her is impossible; it is social obloquy, anathema, to be dull, therefore no nation allows its society women to be dull, they themselves feel this, and for their own self-respect, as well as for the sake of consideration from the world, are cheerful and amused always—and pursue hobbies and an infinite variety of interests, I will not say only by the instinct of self-preservation—some write, some dabble in art, some join amateur orchestras, some debating societies; they join Primrose leagues and Liberal Federation associations; they rank themselves in Socialistic movements or in the schemes for the betterment of the poor.

The American girl enjoys—whether it is merited or unmerited I do not decide; I leave that to your readers—a high reputation for wit. I have a bias to belief that this reputation has been established chiefly on her abundant use of the often pictorial, always fresh-sounding slang of her nation, and not on her own unborrowed originality. How grateful one is when a fresh thought is expressed in conversation, and how a stereotyped-tongued society does love a new phrase, even a new word, or a new use of an old one; what a lift these give to the stagnant mental air of ordinary intercourse!

Here, then, in my humble opinion, is the raison d'etre of the American girl's reputation as a wit; it is hers for no original fault of her own, poor darling!

NOT STEERING THAT WAY.

Washington correspondence of the Chicago Record.

General Horace Porter says he will not accept the position of Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition, even if it is offered him. He expected to be Minister to France. He thinks he has passed the exposition grade of honors, and must have something better if he takes anything at all.

"I feel like the passenger that was steering the ship," said General Porter to-day. "The captain told him to steer for a certain star, and keep the helm steady, and went downstairs to get a little sleep. He had been snoozing comfortably for a couple of hours, when his new helmsman came down to his bunk and woke him up, saying: 'Captain, give me another star to steer by; I have passed that one.'"